

*The History of*

He made a blushing citall of himselfe,  
And chid his trewant youth with such a grace,  
As if he mastered there a double spirit  
Of teaching, and of learning instantly:  
There did he pause, but let me tell the world,  
If he out-live the envy of this day,  
England did never owe so sweete a hope,  
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.

*Hot.* Cofin; I thinke thou art enamoured

On his follies: never did I heare  
Of any Prince so wild at liberty:

But be he as he will, yet once ere night,  
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,  
That he shall shrink under my courtesie.

Arme, arme with speede, and fellow Souldiers, friends,  
Better consider what you have to doe,  
That I that have not well the gift of tongue,  
Can lift your blood up with perswasion.

*Mess.* My Lord, here are Letters for you.

*Hot.* I cannot read them now,

O Gentlemen, the time of life is short;  
To spend that shortnesse basely, were too long:

If life did ride upon a Dials poynt,  
Still ended at the arrivall of an hower,  
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:  
If die, brave death, when Princes die with us.

Now for our consciences, the armes is faire,  
When the intent forbearing them is just

*Mess.* My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace,

*Hot.* I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:

For I professe not talking, only this,  
Let each man doe his best; and here draw I a Sword,  
Whose temper I intend to staine

With the best blood that I can meete withall,  
In the adventure of this perilous day.

Now esperance Percy, and set on,  
Sound all the lofty instruments of warre,  
And by that musicke, let us all imbrace,

*Henry the*

For heaven to earth, some of  
A second time doe such a course  
Heere they embrace, the Trumpets  
his power, alarum to the battell  
Walter Blunt.

*Blunt.* What is thy name that  
What honour dost thou seeke?

*Dow.* Know then my name  
And I doe haunt thee in the battell  
Because some tell me, that thou art

*Blunt.* They tell thee true.

*Dow.* The Lord of Stafford  
Thy likeness: for instead of thee  
This Sword hath ended him

Unlesse thou yeeld thee as a King

*Blunt.* I was not borne to yeeld  
And thou shalt find a King that  
Lord Staffords death.

*They fight; Dowglas killed.*

*Hot.* O Dowglas! hadst thou  
I never had triumpht over a King

*Dow.* Al's done, al's won, ha!

*Hot.* Where?

*Hot.* This Dowglas? No, I  
A gallant Knight he was, his  
Semblably furnisht like the King

*Dow.* Ah fooole, goe with  
A borrowed title hast thou lost  
Why didst thou tell me, that thou art

*Hot.* The King hath many

*Dow.* Now by my Sword,  
I'll murder all his Wardrop  
Untill I meet the King.

Our Souldiers stand full faire

*Alarum; Enter*

*Fal.* Though I could scape  
shot heere: heere's no scoring  
you? Sir Walter Blunt, there?

For